



THE GIFT HORSE

I know how busy you are—studying, going to class, catching night crawlers—but let me interrupt your multifarious activities—studying, going to class, helping old grads find their dentures after Homecoming—to remind you that busy as you are—studying, going to class, searching for meat in the dormitory stew—time and tide wait for no man, and the Yuletide will soon be upon us. Busy or not, we must turn our thoughts to Christmas shopping. Let us, therefore, pause for a moment in our busy schedules—studying, going to class, rolling drinks—to examine a number of interesting gift suggestions.

We will start with the hardest gift problem of all: What do you give to the person who has everything? Well sir, there follows a list of gifts which I will fully guarantee the person who has everything does not have:

1. A dentist's chair.
2. A low hurdle.
3. A street map of Perth, Australia.
4. Fifty pounds of chicken fat.
5. A carton of filter-tip Marlboros.

"What?" you exclaim, your young eyebrows rising in wild incredulity. "The person who has everything does not have a carton of filter-tip Marlboros?" you shriek, your young lips curling mockingly. "What arrant nonsense!" you rasp, making a coarse gesture.

And I reply with an emphatic *no!* The person who has everything does not have filter-tip Marlboros—not for long anyhow—because if he has Marlboros and if he is a person who likes a mild, mellow, hearty, flavorful cigarette—and who does not? eh? who does not?—why, then he

doesn't *have* Marlboros; he *smokes* them. He might possibly have a large collection of Marlboro hats, but *whole* Marlboros? No. An emphatic *no!*

Now we take up another thorny gift problem: What do you buy your girl if you are broke? Quite a challenge, you will agree, but there is an answer—an ingenious, exciting answer! Surprise your girl with a beautiful bronze head of herself!

Oh, I know you're not a sculptor, but that doesn't matter. All you have to do is *endear* yourself to your girl's roommate, so she will be willing to do you a favor. Then some night when your girl is fast asleep, have the roommate butter your girl's face—quietly, so as not to wake her—and then quietly pour plaster of Paris on top of the butter and then quietly wait till it hardens and quietly lift it off



—Endear Yourself to Your Girl's Roommate

—the butter will keep it from sticking—and then bring you the mold, and you will pour bronze in it and make a beautiful bust to surprise your girl with!

Remember, it is important—very important—to *endear* yourself to the roommate, because in case the plaster of Paris won't come off, you don't want to be without a girl for the holiday season.

© 1961 Max Graham

Your gift problem is no problem if you will give Marlboros to your filter-smoking friends and the new king-size Philip Morris Commander to your non-filter smoking friends. Try a Commander. This Yuletide season, or any other season, you'll be welcome aboard.

